# Fellowship in Prayer

*"For a world united in prayer"*

"The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men. From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth. He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works." *Psalm 33:13-15.*

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## ON EASTER WINGS

From the brown cocoon to the flutter of jewelled wings in the sunlight,
The butterfly has always been my symbol of resurrection from darkness into light--
Spring's coming forth from the tomb of earth
Into the glowing beauty of singing birds and awakening flowers.

Folding away the garments of sorrow, adorning the soul with joy and gladness--
Resurrection! the bursting of bonds and rising on wings of hope,
As the butterfly, loosed from its prison,
Soars away into the warmth and gladness of freedom.

So our Saviour arose from the tomb, folding away the garments of mourning,
Thereby giving unto man the gift of eternal life and hope everlasting.
This is His Day--the Holy Easter,
Commemorating His resurrection from death and the grave.

While Easter bells are ringing and flowers perfume the air, let us remember
He gave His life that peace might come to this earth.
For His sake, shall we not kneel on this Holy Day,
Renewing our allegiance to carry out His will,
Remembering the cross on Calvary's Hill?

*--Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe.*

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## THE DREAMER WHOSE DREAMS COME TRUE

*By Robert Wells Youngs, D.D.*

*TEXT: "And they said to one another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him; . . . .and we shall see what will become of his dreams."*
*Genesis 37:19,20.*

The world usually sneers at its dreamers. It even seeks to destroy them. And it is little wonder sometimes. Dreamers are often an impractical lot, people who never come to grips with the grim realities of life. They use dreams as a cloak for their slack and shuffling inefficiency, a substitute for their laziness. Their dreams are not that for which they will labor and sacrifice themselves; but merely ways of using the fruits of other peoples' toil and thrift.

Mr. Bernard Gladieux of the Ford Foundation tells us about a man who wanted all of the foundations $500,000,000 to melt down the ice cap at the north pole, thereby redistributing the weight of the earth so that instead of revolving with its axis tilted, it would revolve with its axis straight up and down with the result that there would be days and nights of equal length and the same weather all over the earth. I say, it is little wonder that the world sneers at some dreamers.

But there is such a thing as a dreamer whose dreams come true. Take the case of Joseph, son of Jacob. Joseph was a dreamer. He had that intelligence which enabled him to look into the future where he saw dangers and opportunities which other men did not dream of. How his brothers hated him for his superior power! Hated him so much that one day when they saw him coming toward them, they said to one another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him....and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

Well, what did become of those dreams? As it turned out the brothers did not slay him. Instead, they sold him into slavery. From servitude, he quickly climbed the ladder of success until as Prime Minister of Egypt, he was the most powerful man in all that ancient world--a dreamer whose dreams came true.

Dreamers whose dreams do NOT come true should not turn us against dreamers whose dreams do come true, even though it sometimes takes a long time for some dreams to be realized.

Everything we have today was for a long time only a dream. Back in 1500, Leonardo da Vinci dreamed of the airplane, drew pictures of it, and put them in a book. For 400 years men scoffed at the idea. But we no longer scoff. Da Vinci was a dreamer whose dreams came true.

How men laughed at Kepler and his new astronomy, prompting him to say, that since God had waited thousands of years for an observer of his stars, he, Kepler, could afford to wait a century for a reader. But eventually the world discovered that Kepler was a dreamer whose dreams came true.

And did you ever stop to think that dreams are what keep this world going? The world of hard-headed fact and practical reality would quickly dissolve like a dream if it were not for the dreams which are struggling for fulfillment in such a world. Our wealth would disappear like a dream if we gave up our ideals of peace and waged constant war. American business with all its efficiency and acumen would fade into bankruptcy were we to give up our ideals of integrity. The practical world of affairs would be itself a dream if it were not for all of the ideals and dreams that go to make up the philosophy by which we live in the so-called practical world. As Walt Whitman sang:

> *"Is it a dream?*
> *Nay but the lack of it the dream,*
> *And failing it, life's love and wealth a dream.*
> *And all the world a dream."*

We need only compare our western civilization, based on the noblest dream of all time with civilization based on hard-headed realism to see the vital part which dreams play in the world of affairs. Western civilization based on a Carpenter's dream has been coming true for nineteen centuries in spite of the realism of the Herods, the Pilates, the Hitlers, and the Stalins who have opposed the dream. Where are civilizations and empires based on other foundation than the Dreamer of Galilee? Only Christian civilization has prevailed over the powers of darkness. As Kipling has Evil say in one of his poems:

> *"I'd not give way for an Emperor*
> *I'd hold my road for a King.*
> *To the Triple Crown I would not bow down*
> *But this is a different thing."*

*"I'll not fight with the powers of Air,*
*Sentry, pass him through!*
*Drawbridge let fall, 'tis the Lord of us all,*
*The Dreamer whose dreams come true!"*

We as followers of this Carpenter and as inheritors of the civilization that has been based on his dream must also be dreamers whose dreams come true if we are to preserve this civilization and hand a better world over to our children. Therefore, let us take a few minutes to consider the question: what kind of a person does a dreamer have to be in order to have his dreams come true?

Certainly a successful dreamer must base his dreams on reality and fact. No dream can come true if it is simply a fantastic idea pulled out of thin air with no thought or study to support it. Dreams that come true are the result of patient research and careful figuring. Columbus knew a great deal about the earth and the sea before he dreamed the world was round. The Wright Brothers spent many days in a Dayton library studying the drawings of a French glider before they dreamed that man could fly in a power-driven plane. Likewise we must build our dreams out of the wisdom of the ages if we would have them come true.

Then also, a dreamer who would have his dreams come true must see the possibilities of the facts which compose his dreams. Centuries ago the Chinese discovered vaccination, but nothing came of it because they never saw how to use it. More recently (eighty years ago in fact) Joseph Lister noted the action of penicillin but he did not make a successful dream of it because he failed to see the possibilities of such action. A successful dreamer is one who knows reality and sees what can be done with it.

Finally, a successful dreamer is one who does do something with his dream. Jesus always stressed the importance of putting doctrine, ideals, and beliefs to work. Dreams never come true if all that we do is tell about them. They have to be translated into life. A freshman at Harvard once asked Josiah Royce to give him a definition of a Christian. The philosopher looked out the study window as he prepared to phrase an answer. As he looked, he saw Phillips Brooks, and he said to the student, "I don't know a good definition of a Christian, but there goes Phillips Brooks." A dream like the dream of Christ

has to be lived in order to be realized. A dreamer whose dreams come true does something about his dream.

The dreams, which capture the imaginations of men today, are waiting for men to do something about them. The dream of peace for instance. On Armistice Day there is much oratory describing that dream, but what is each lover of peace doing about the dream in his own life--the dream for which many men have died and others have been maimed for life? Those who have suffered that the dream of peace might come true have suffered in vain until we do something about peace in our own lives--in our home life, our school life, and national life as well as in international life. Listen to these words written in the New York Times by a disabled war veteran back in 1946; they are an appeal to us dreamers of peace who would have our dream come true.

*"My name is John Crown. I am a paraplegia at Halloran General Hospital. My physical wounds are very small in comparison with my spiritual wounds. I have come back from death to a world that I no longer care for. I, who have been engaged in the great struggle to save the world from tyranny and having seen my comrades die for this cause, can now find no peace in the world or in my country.*

*Having lived close to death for two years, the reasons why there is no peace seem infinitesimally flimsy. Russia wants the Dardanelles, Yugoslavia wants Trieste, the Moslems want India, labor wants more wages, capital wants more profit, Smith wants to pass the car in front of him, Junior wants more spending money. To these, I say, is it necessary to kill and cripple human beings for these petty gains?*

*Anyone who thinks a human body is so cheap that it can be traded for a tract of land, a piece of silver, or a few minutes of time should be forced to listen to the moans of the dying night and day for the rest of his life.*

*All the troubles of the world originate in the common man. The selfish and greedy ways of nations are just the ways of each individual man multiplied a hundredfold. When the morals of the common man drop, so do the morals of the nation and of the world.*

*As long as our individual morals remain at low ebb, so will be the world. Until each of us stops "hogging the road" with his car, stops fighting over the seat on the bus, stops argu-*

*ing over who is going to cut the grass, there will be no peace in the world. If man wishes peace again, he must return to the great Commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God."*

*oooOooo*

BAHA'I WORLD FAITH

*A PRAYER FOR ALL NATIONS*

"O Thou kind Lord! Thou hast created all humanity from the same original parents. Thou hast intended that all belong to the same household. In Thy Holy Presence they are Thy servants and all mankind are sheltered beneath Thy tabernacle. All have gathered at Thy table of bounty and are radiant through the light of Thy Providence.

O God! Thou art kind to all, Thou hast provided for all, Thou dost shelter all, Thou dost confer life upon all. Thou hast endowed all with talents and faculties; all are submerged in the ocean of Thy mercy.

O Thou kind Lord! Unite all, let the religions agree, make the nations one so that they may be as one kind and as children of the same fatherland. May they associate in unity and concord.

O God! Upraise the standard of the oneness of humankind.

O God! Establish the Most Great Peace. Cement the hearts together, O God!

O Thou kind Father, God! Exhilarate the hearts through the fragrance of Thy love; brighten the eyes through the light of Thy guidance; cheer the hearing with the melodies of Thy Word and shelter us in the cave of Thy Providence. Thou art the Mighty and the Powerful! Thou art the forgiving and Thou art the One Who overlookest the shortcomings of humankind."

*--'Abdu'l-Baha*

*oooOooo*

## T O M O R R O W

*By Mildred Seydell*

I have no fear of death because I have learned to have no fear of life, but to love it.

It was not always so. Once fear was strong upon me I awoke with it; it walked with me throughout the day, and in the closing of my eyes it rested upon me. For I had no faith in my own strength, my wordly knowledge. The world and fate, what could I do to conquer them? What power did I have to protect myself against their hurt?

And so when disasters came and suffering was to be endured, I had no balm to soothe me until experience taught me many things, the greatest of which was faith in goodness, a confidence in the belief that the real life is the life of the Spirit which is immortal and against which the world and fate have no command. And when I learned this and the assurance of it beat strong with my heart, pulsing through me as my life blood, I was no longer afraid either of liv- or of dying.

We do not weep at the setting of the sun. We see its beauty fade and sigh, "Ah, but tomorrow comes another day."

Do not wish to live so that when you die there will be weeping, but wish to live so that when you die the beauty of the life you have lived will go as a radiant sunset, and your friends will sigh, "Ah, but tomorrow comes another dawn."

*oooOooo*

## THE LIGHT OF EASTER!

*(John 12:46)*

"Let there be light!" It is God's Word
Bringing blessings wherever heard;
And since the light of Easter came
Man's life has never been the same!

"Let there be light!" On Easter morn
Death's darkness fled--new life was born
And bright hope through Christ was given
Oh, Praise God--"The Lord is Risen."

*--W. J. Thompson, D. D.*

*oooOooo*

## "DO NOT STARCH"

*By A. E. Johnson*

No, dear Reader, this title has not dropped off a soiled shirt in a laundry bag (unless, indeed, from that great linen basket of God where "all our righteousness is as filthy rags"). It was chosen with a purpose, which an illustration may serve to introduce.

I once heard a lady say that since she had adopted a new cult her life had been "green lights all the way!" I forebore to give utterance to the reply that framed itself in my mind - "How unfortunate!" Consider the difference between this and the experience of St. Paul apprehended of God; he was stricken blind, and thrown to the earth. To be sure he was rendered sightless in order to see, and knocked down in order to gain stature; but the succeeding "red lights" included prison, scourging and, it is thought, ignominious death.

Similarly the injunction to "sell all that thou hast, and follow me" scarcely conforms with "green lights all the way." In truth it almost suggests a permanent stalling at the ruby lamp of divine compassion.

I write as a protestant, but were a more othordox fellow-Christian to accuse my affiliation of becoming increasingly comfort-loving and lackadaisical, I should find it hard to disagree. "Do not starch." Let your garments be limp; adopt a dressing-gown-and-slipper faith, with no equipment for sword or spurs; elevate to sacramental status the psychologist's couch, in lieu of any altar; and a secular absolution.

I scarcely need to give references that exemplify our coddling faith, our starchless belief. It draws heavily on the beauty of love, the virtue of toleration (as if toleration could not be a vice), and the loveliness of peace. God knows, these are precious things. But the Son of Man was capable of calling a crafty politician "that fox," and classed the unpenitent sinners of His day as a "generation of vipers." I do not think we should stress this aspect of the Gospels, any more than we should the minatory psalms; and I only mention it to say that at least such statements are not starchless.

Herod knew where he stood over against Christ; as the Nazis would have known at Munich. The betrayal on the part of senti-

mentalism can be very costly "the ill that good men do" enormous. Judas was not the only one whose weapon was a kiss.

Then again we all suffer from impatience. We cannot wait for the Dawn to break we desire to break it! The parable of the wheat and the tares is very explicit in this respect, as also is the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, where the growth was overnight and correspondingly flimsy. Let us imagine our own Rockefeller Center built on bamboo piles by way of expediting its erection.

All the great Spirits are slow: God Himself is a stroller; the majesty of His gait is that of slow motion. One of the "temptations of idealism" (the phrase is not mine) is hurry. Ironically enough, hurry can be a form of indolence: just as excessive activity can be a symptom of depleted vitality. God, on the authority of the Psalmist, thinks in thousands; we in fractions. On His chronometry Christianity is but two days old!

Part of the genius of Christianity (and perhaps also of the western mind) is in its concreteness. This quality also constitutes the superiority of Shakespeare over, say, Shelley, who could be vapid to the point of meaninglessness, liberal at the expense of vertebra. We, too, have gone abstract. God Himself becomes a "tendency;" beliefs dissolve into "evolutionary meliorism" (Hardy); we either tunnel or detour, so to speak, at Calvary; or now, in our haste fly over!

It is interesting to imagine what common figures of speech Our Lord would have made use of in an industrial civilization. Starch, I imagine, was not used then (there is no mention of it even in Shakespeare), so that my limp metaphor above could hardly have come in. But there was the salt, which is just as meaningful. Can any such statement as the following (from a book that has sold in millions) be said to have any savor? "For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun? And what is it to cease breathing but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered?"

Let us compare this with the following: "Then, said he, I am going to my Father's: and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage

and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be witness for me, that I have fought His battles who now will be my Rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside; into which as he went he said, 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

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## JUDGE NOT

*(Attributed to a Quaker)*

Never judge nor condemn, never arraign nor censure.
Not a Word!
Never an unclean or unkind expression.
Never a doubt or a fear.
Never a disparaging remark of another.
As you would others should do to the world, so do ye.
Pause! Be still!
Not a word, emphatically, not even a look, that will mar the sweet serenity of soul.
Know God.
Keep silence before Him.
Not a word of murmuring or complaining in supplication; not a word of nagging or persuading.
Let language be simple, gentle, quiet; you utter not a word, But give Him opportunity to speak.
Hearken to His voice.
This is the way to honor and to know Him.
Not a word--not the last word.
Listen to obey.
Words make trouble. Be still.
This is the voice of the Spirit.
Take no thought for tomorrow--worry not about home, church, or business cares.
Cast all on Him and not a word.
We think so hard pray so hard and trust so little.

*(Observed by Mrs. Dorothy Anderson)*

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## AN ESTIMATE OF VALUES

*By G. Wallace Tibbetts*

As we grow older we are inclined to give up the notion of reforming the world, or ourselves. We have no great plans for the future and not many regrets for the days that have gone before. We seem to take each day--or from hour to hour--as it comes along. Our ambitions now are never for ourselves, always for some one else near and dear to us. We have fulfilled our ambitious missions, if we ever had any. We have not settled in full all profit and loss accounts, but the score appears to be about in balance. Losses we have forgotten; we do not mention them for they no longer count. All our gains we fondly cherish and hold close to our hearts; we keep them to ourselves--they are rare and esteemed jewels to us, our own solace and pleasures not to be shared with anyone else.

Perhaps we are selfish in hoarding sentiments. But I do not think so. Love is charming, tender and sweet; we do not boast about it and other precious treasures as we might do about some victory or wealth and physical material possessions. No. We keep them within the inner vault of our souls. The only time we count them, as a miser does his gold, is when we shut our eyes and quietly open the door of our hearts after turning the key of remembrance.

Sometimes--yes, often--the things we cherish and remember may be trivial to others no doubt, but they stand out clearly in our memories: a budding romance, a beautiful song, a prize won, triumph, some self-denial, a helpful act of charity given in secret. Yes, there are countless joys and emotions we have stored away, treasures gathered in a long lifetime. All of them our own. They are our wealth, our most valuable and precious keepsakes, our life's completeness.

These tokens of happiness we may take from the strong box for comfort when trials assail us, or when we are called upon to take up the burdens of another. If it were not for such tokens and the faith we have in Eternal Goodness life would appear to be a dismal failure.

Ah! We do not fail because we have that faith; we have the priceless love we have stored away behind the secret door. We possess the only key; there is no duplicate.

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## PROMISE OF FREEDOM AND ETERNAL LIFE

*By George E. Sokolsky*

*EASTER* reminds us of the changelessness of nature, which moves in an orderly cycle. True, one may be disappointed over a rainy or a cold Easter Sunday, just as in northern climates a Christmas that is not white leaves something to be hoped for next year.

Many of the most impressive holy days, whether among primitive or the most highly civilized peoples, occur during the solstices, those periodic moments in an eternal rhythm of life. In the Spring comes, for the Christians, Easter; for the jews, the Passover.

*EASTER* ushers in the rebirth of nature, the reappearance of grass, the early Spring flowers, the budding of trees, the return of the robin. Of course, that is limited to our North Temperate world. In other climates, the rebirth manifests itself in other ways, but everywhere the cyclic rhythm of life, of all that lives, is changeless, eternal, constant.

It is a witnessing of the Divine Intelligence which controls the universe. Skeptical as a scientific age may choose to be, it has never produced evidence that the universe is an accident; that there are no causes for nature's resistance to the unusual. The scientist is already becoming conscious of the perils in unsettling the balance of nature, a balance so fine that tampering with it can produce disaster.

GOD'S GIFT TO MAN

*THE PASSOVER* saga has to do with the constant struggle between slavery and freedom, between the dignity of man and his reduction to [illegible]. Year after year, for thousands of years, the story of the Exodus of the Jews from slavery in Egypt to the freedom of natural law--to God's revealed law as handed down on Mount Sinai--is repeated that all may remember that freedom has not always existed but is a gift to man from God to be guarded, protected, defended. Freedom is an imperishable treasure.

*EASTER* is the promise of the Eternal Life. Jesus died and was resurrected from the dead. There is no death; there is only life eternal. Easter is a gay, cheering, a hope-giving holiday

Its story is one of the most tragic in history. Jesus sits

with His friends and disciples, celebrating the Passover, eating the matzoh and of the paschal lamb and the bitter herbs to remind them of the struggle from slavery to freedom. I have myself attended just such a table practically every year of my life. The customs are identical; the service not radically different.

As is habitual, on such an occasion, men discourse after the meal on many topics and Jesus and His disciples spoke of important subjects. It was on this occasion that Jesus said:

"*. . . These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you . . .*"

ARRESTED, TRIED AND CRUCIFIED

Then Jesus was arrested, tried, and crucified as was the custom of the Romans. And on the third day after His death, He was resurrected.

The concept of The Resurrection, the rebirth, is the eternity of life. Paul, who was the first internationalist in the sense that he insisted that all mankind were brothers in the fatherhood of God, said:

"*Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham. And the scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, 'In thee shall all nations be blessed.' . . .*"

God s mercy is for all mankind, without distinction. Even in time of chaos and disturbance when men do not seem to know what to do the promise of freedom in the Passover and of the Eternal Life in Easter gives hope of glories to come--for where there is faith, there must be hope.

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## CHRISTIANITY, OTHER RELIGIONS AND NON-RELIGION

*(From "Re-Thinking Missions")*

*(Continued from February issue)*

*THE ULTIMATE ISSUES. The direction of growth, indicated in the previous instalment,* may appear so natural that the extent of the implied change of attitude is not realized. Our account has not yet brought forward the most powerful of the reasons which have inspired the long hesitation, namely this: that the friendly recognition of the other faiths means to many Christians in the mission fields and at home an essential disloyalty, a compromise with error, and a surrender of the uniqueness of Christianity. Not to examine their position would leave **our** work unfinished.

The original objective of the mission might be stated as the conquest of the world by Christianity: it was a world benevolence conceived in terms of a world campaign. There was one way of salvation and one only, one name, one atonement: this plan with its particular historical center in the career of Jesus must become the point of regard for every human soul. The universal quality of Christianity lay not alone in its valid principles of truth and morals, but in an essential paradox, the universal claim of one particular historic fact: the work of Christ. General principles may be reasoned out, and perhaps proved, so that all men must accept them. But particular facts cannot be proved: they must be recognized. Hence, in respect to its central fact Christianity was necessarily dogmatic--it could only say *Ecce Homo*, Behold the Man; and it was committed to a certain intolerance, beneficent in purpose--in the interest of the soul it could allow no substitute for Christ. It came to proclaim truth, which is universal; but its truth was embodied in a particular person and his work.

With respect to the religiousness of other religions, this quality was not so much questioned as held of doubtful value. In the field of religion, it was felt, the only strong and lasting power is the power in which truth is clearest. An obscurer version might become just the betrayal of the whole cause. There was undoubted piety and virtue at the heart of the Russian Church; yet these virtues did not save it from that cleansing of the Augean stables which was due, and "religion" was condemned with the corrupt organization.

If in the Orient, the word "religion" to the coming generation is to mean Hinduism or Buddhism, perhaps the whole affair will be relegated to the dust heap; herhaps this is precisely what is happening. In that case, the hope would be that Christianity, instead of tying itself to the sinking hulks; would hold itself clear and give a distinctive version of what religion, in its purity, may mean.

It is through such reflections that those in the mission field who now face toward tolerance and association have their own qualms. They feel, and their critics feel still more keenly, that the presentiment of impending re-orientation introduces an element of uncertainty or hesitation into the whole enterprise. If we fraternize or accept the fellowship of the alien faith, what becomes of the original hope that Christianity will bring the world under its undivided sway? If that objective is surrendered, has not the nerve of the mission motive itself been cut?

Personal uncertainties are reflected in group divisions in the field. there is a party of advance toward fraternity which feels the drag and insulation of the right wing; there is this party of the right, conservative and loyal, which feels the overtures of the liberals toward the ex-enemy as a treasonable abandonment of the cause.

*THE PRINCIPLE OF GROWTH.* In meeting this problem, we may at the outset point out one principle which all may accept. The more of religious insight there is in any group of mankind, the more favorable the conditions are for one who has further insight to contribute. It is not what is weak or corrupt but what is strong and sound in the non-Christian religions that offers the best hearing for whatever Christianity may have to say. Christianity first appeared within Judaism, and spread first among those who were well prepared for its teachings.

If there were not at the core of all the creeds a nucleus of religious truth neither Christianity nor any other faith would have anything to build on. Within the piety of the common people of every land, encrusted with superstition as it usually is and weighed down with vulgar self-seeking in their bargainings with the gods, there is this germ, the inalienable religious intuition of the human soul The God of this intuition is the true God to this extent universal religion has not to be established. it exists.

Upon this theme, the great religions have made their elaborations. They have mixed true discernment with much vagrant imagination but there is no doubt that they have used the real foundation and have made, on the whole, genuine advances. Confucianism in Japan improved upon primitive Shinto, contributing order, rationality, social definition; Buddhism adds to both a greater cosmic depth and a more searching appeal to the motives of the heart. Christianity, however unique its message, has nothing to gain by disparaging the degree of this progress. So far from taking satisfaction in moribund or decadent conditions where they exist within other faiths, Christianity may find itself bound to aid these faiths, and frequently does aid them, to a truer interpretation of their own meaning than they had otherwise achieved.

This seems to us peculiarly the case in China, where the life of the older religions in the main runs low, and where many of the spokesmen of national feeling are beginning to adopt and proclaim the view that the Chinese as a people are temperamentally matter-of-fact, secular-minded, ethical rather than religious. We venture to believe that Christianity will not be strong in China until it penetrates more deeply into those special needs of the Chinese spirit which these older religions have met. The fate of religion in China, in any time we can now foresee, depends chiefly on the fate of these religions, for it is they that to this people must long continue to represent their sacred history. We can reach the hundred thousands, but not the hundred millions except through their media. The great need of China is for interpreters capable of perceiving its deep-running spiritual life, and with all else that they bring, laboring with infinite patience and love to preserve the treasures within the old inheritance.

In general, to recognize the best is to strengthen the best. For whatever is genuine in the non-Christian religions, the consistent and the auspicious attitude for the Christian teacher is not alone acknowledgment, but an earnest desire to make the most of it, not the least. But this principle leaves three questions unanswered. What shall be the attitude of Christianity toward the errors of non-Christian religions? What toward their borrowings from Christianity and their new growth? What of the uniqueness of Chris-

tianity and of its message to the Orient? We shall discuss these in the next instalments.

*(To be continued next issue)*

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## PROGRESS

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees was held in New York on February 3rd, at which time major issues were discussed.

First of all, gratitude was returned to Almighty God for providing means whereby the work had progressed through another year. Individual resolutions of thanks were voted to those who had figured most prominently in the success of the program during the past year.

A review of achievements, from 1949 to date, revealed a remarkable chain of events contributing to the growth of Fellowship in Prayer. The first two years were lived in faith and courage. The past two years have placed Fellowship in Prayer in an advanced position where the heart-challenging seriousness of its message is seeping through to an ever-increasing number of seriously-minded people.

The sympathetic and appreciative tone of the Board Meeting was reflected in the apparent study which individual members had made of various phases of the objectives of Fellowship in Prayer. For instance, consideration was given to a permanent design for the magazine cover and this is being given further detailed thought.

Emphasis was also placed upon the necessity of establishing localized centers from which could radiate direct influences upon various organizations such as the YMCA, YWCA, luncheon clubs, etc., as well as individuals.

In short, space limits reference to the long list of objectives, now under consideration, for the furthering of Fellowship in Prayer throughout the world. Any efforts undertaken toward this end will be carried out in the most conservative and dignified manner--matching the high spiritual character of the program.

Thus, it is hoped that greater achievements will be made during the coming year in the name of our Creator.

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## THE ANNIVERSARY NIGHT

*By Rose H. Anderson*

The night wind sighed gently over the land of old Judea as the old man and his wife paused to rest beneath the Olive tree. She could see the heavens and gasped aloud as she saw a star flash across the skies, leaving a bluish streak. She moaned: "This is the anniversary night of the brilliant Star over the Inn at Bethlehem. Behold now how the Father of Abraham reminds how we failed Mary in her hour of bitter need!"

Shaking his head wearily, the old man sighed: "Must you remember that night? Why is your heart so set on this thought? Why find belief in the fable?"

She brushed tears from her face while she sobbed: "Where am I to find forgetfulness? Aye, to remember we might have served the Father of Abraham and failed, makes my heart weep. Yet I ask myself, how were we to know?"

Resolutely he answered: "There is one way to stop your wailing, wife of my heart. We shall keep on walking to the house of Joseph of Arimathea. It has been whispered the Tomb was in his garden. He will know the truth. It has also been said he helped take the Body from the Cross--surely if the truth is known he will share it with us, for I have known him from youth."

"If the whispers run true, think of the glory we denied ourselves, the stories we could have shared with out children's children! To have had the lovely Mary, Mother of the Babe as a guest!"

"Trouble not yourself, my Beloved, surely the Son of God was born in a palace, not in a Stable, back of our Inn! That sounds like foolishness to me. Yet word has it this Son born in our Stable walked the road to Calvary and died the deaths of deaths! My thoughts are so mixed up, I scarcely know not what to believe."

"They were so poorly clad, how were we to know? I pray your friend Joseph will tell us the whispers do not speak true!" Then whispering: "Oh, my Beloved, if Joseph says the whispers speak true, where shall we hide our heads in shame?"

"We can hide ourselves in the old City; there none would know our secret. Yet I cannot find belief in the fable, the Son of the Father of Abraham born in our Stable! Surely He

would come as a King not the poorest of the poor."

They were still questioning the whispers when they reached the lovely home of Joseph of Arimathea. So old now he seldom left his room, yet greeted his old friend with great joy. After they had been refreshed, Joseph softly asked, "What troubles your soul, friend of my youth? This is a house of friends, so be not afraid to speak. The gentle Carpenter of Nazareth is ever our Guest, so fear no evil."

The two old ones looked at each other, then the woman began: "Many years ago, we owned an Inn in Bethlehem, noted far and wide, so we sheltered many wealthy folk. Then one night, tall candles were lighted in the windows of Heaven. We saw the glow, but were so busy caring for the wants of our many guests, we had no time to view the brilliance of the great Star. We were so occupied we did not wonder at the strangeness of the brilliant light. Now when we are old and long for rest, whispers come to us. Whispers that say the Child born to the weary young Mother we sent to the Stable, was the Son of the Father of Abraham. These were so poorly clad, we cannot believe the fable. They point to shame at us, for we denied Mary room in our Inn. We have grieved overlong over this matter, so we must come to you for the truth. Surely the Son of God was not born in our Stable! Can you help us, kind one?"

Joseph looked at the two with kindness within his eyes, then he spoke to the old man: "Even as a youth, the clink of coins meant overmuch to you. Do you remember?"

The old one shook his head, then muttered: "Always my heart has hungered for more gold, yet what pleasure do I have in my wealth when shame and ridicule follow after me? Rather would I know want. How do you answer? Whispers say the One born in our Stable was buried in your garden? Tell us the truth, and set our hearts at peace."

Joseph mused aloud: "So our lives have been linked and we knew it not. Born in your Stable, buried in my garden, the perfect Son of the Father God!"

The old woman began to cry aloud: "Aye! How do you know? You were not in Bethlehem."

"I followed the lonely Lord of life from afar off. I sought to learn all about Him, and questioned those who knew Him well. I sought out one of the Wisemen riding in from the East, and also he spoke of the tall candles that

led him to the Stable in the courtyard of your Inn. I thought Him so wonderful, even I who followed afar off, that I must know the truth."

The old man mumbled: "Where shall I hide my head in shame? For others will also know the truth concerning us--and I long so for peace in mine old age."

Gently Joseph answered: "Had you touched the broken Body, beheld the terrible wounds inflicted upon Him, as I beheld them, for I helped take the Body from the Cross, then you would not mourn at what others might say. You would go down upon your knees and ask the blessed Redeemer for forgiveness and peace. It is yours for the asking. The price was paid upon Calvary at a terrible cost!"

The old woman's voice quavered: "Kind one, will you help us? We've been so engrossed with other things, that we scarcely know how to seek the Lord in prayer. The Lord born in our Stable! Had we only known!"

Joseph gladly answered: "This has been my joy through the years! Since I beheld the empty Tomb, to lead others to the love and safety of our precious Lord! All glory to His wonderful Name!"

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## "TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"

"Too good to be true!" frequently we say,
In some rare moment of sheer ecstasy:
Or, when we make some fresh discovery,
For life is crowded all along the way
With great surprises in mystic array,
Not really true, only a mystery
Faith heralding immortal destiny
Only a day dream soon to fade away!
Too good not to be true are life and truth.
Reality has wings as well as feet;
The soul mounts upward to the skies.
Our pilgrimage only begins with youth;
The joys we lose, eventually we meet
In immortality's mystic emprise!

*--William Hiram Foulkes, D. D.*

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## DOROTHY BEECHER BAKER

Just after our February issue went to press news was received of the sudden tragic death of Dorothy Beecher Baker, on January 10, 1954, in an airplane crash off Elba just after taking off from Rome. She had been in India on an educational assignment in the interests of the Baha'i faith and, by chance, had changed her reservation at Karachi to an earlier flight so that she might reach her family sooner. London was the next scheduled stop and then the British West Indies where she had planned to meet her family and take up residence there in the interests of Baha'i.

There were 35 aboard the Comet jet plane and, according to information received, only 15 bodies had been recovered. The remaining 20 were believed to be in the wreckage of the plane lodged in 400 feet of water. British Air Lines informed us on the 29th of March that efforts were being made to raise the Comet and that we would be informed of developments.

Dorothy Beecher Baker was born on December 21, 1899 in Montclair, N.J. and taught school there for a short time before her marriage in 1921 to Frank A. Baker. Mr. and Mrs. Baker moved to Lima, Ohio in 1926 where he established a highly successful baking business from which he recently withdrew.

Mrs. Baker became deeply interested in the Baha'i faith and was a powerful influence in propagating the principles of that religion. It is understood she was responsible for the formation of Baha'i groups in 200 countries on 5 different continents. While in India she had interviews with Prime Minister Nehru and several Indian maharajahs and, at their invitation, she lectured and taught at universities in 20 Indian cities.

Before becoming a member of the national governing body of Baha'i Mrs. Baker was active in club circles, PTA groups and the YWCA.

In 1951 Mrs. Baker became deeply interested in Fellowship in Prayer and was "delighted" to be one of its advisors. We shall miss her greatly as she was a loyal supporter. Mr. Harry Halsey Starrett of Lima, a long-time friend of Mr. and Mrs. Baker writes:

*"Let us rejoice and give thanks to God that he privileged us to be brought into the presence of this sublime life which we knew as Dorothy Beecher Baker and that He allowed her to remain with us as long as He did. While Dorothy has been re-*

*moved from our midst and will no longer be with us in the flesh, her immortal Spirit will abide with us always, as an inspiration and a help in our struggle for the emancipation of the world from the forces of destruction. Dorothy fulfilled her mission here on earth to the glory of God and to the good of all mankind and, in passing, she left the world better than she found it."*

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## A P P R E C I A T I O N

The global design on the front cover was painted especially for Fellowship in Prayer in 1951 by Helen Dudley Young, one of our advisors. So many favorable comments were received that it was felt new subscribers would appreciate it, although it now appears in different coloring.

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Gratitude is expressed to our contributing editors for their participation in this issue. Also to all those who have contributed the following are we deeply grateful:

ON EASTER WINGS - *By Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe.*

A PRAYER FOR ALL NATIONS - *By courtesy of Baha'i Faith in New York City.*

TOMORROW - *By Mildred Seydell.*

THE LIGHT OF EASTER! - *By Dr. W. J. Thompson.*

"DO NOT STARCH" - *By Prof. A. E. Johnson.*

JUDGE NOT - *(Observed by Mrs. Dorothy Anderson).*

AN ESTIMATE OF VALUES - *By G. Wallace Tibbetts.*

PROMISE OF FREEDOM AND ETERNAL LIFE - *By George E. Sokolsky (Used by courtesy of King Features Syndicate and Mr. Sokolsky).*

THE ANNIVERSARY NIGHT - *By Rose H. Anderson.*

"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE" - *By Dr. William Hiram Foulkes.*

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## N O T I C E S

A copy of CHINS UP by Mildred Seydell has been received from the author in Belgium. Fellowship in Prayer is grateful for this addition to its library.
CHINS UP is a way of directing one's thinking toward happiness and success.
This book is obtainable from Grosset & Dunlap, 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y. - 100 pp - price $1.00.

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Fellowship in Prayer is also grateful for the book of "Baha'i Prayers" received from the Secretary of Public Relations, The Baha' is of New York City. These will be printed as opportunity offers.

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We believe, we shall be able to announce in our June issue some new developments now under consideration.

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We welcome submission of articles, poetry and other material by our reader friends of all faiths for possible publication in FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER. Some of the best material is sometimes received from non-professional writers.

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The subscription rate for FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is $2.00 per year. The objective of the organization is as follows:

> *"To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."*

Gifts toward furthering these aims will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

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## TODAY

I will start today serenely
With a true and noble aim;
I will give unselfish service
To enrich another's name.

I will speak a word of courage
To a soul enslaved by fear;
I will dissipate drab discord
With the sunshine of good cheer.

I will be sincere and humble
In the work I have to do;
I will praise instead of censure,
And see the good in you.

I will keep my mind and body
Sound and flexible and pure;
I will give my time and study
To the things that long endure.

I will do what I am able
To advance a worthy cause;
I will strive to lessen evil
And obey God's righteous laws.

I will pray to Him to guide me
In the straight and narrow way;
I will shun false pride and folly,
I will live my best today.

*--Grenville Kleiser*

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